
THE WESLEYAN

Volume LXVI

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Number 2

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THE WESLEYAN STAFF

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THE WESTERN

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MR. SLUDGE

By LIZ DYKES



"MR. SLUDGE," said the English professor, "please lend us your presence in mind as well as in body."

Mr Sludge inched up three vertebrae and peered hopefully at his lit book. He found a line of lyric poetry and floundered around:

"Like a dream our prime is flown . . ."

Mr. Sludge's answer was wrong.

Didn't matter really, thought Mr. Sludge. College diploma doesn't depend on the answer to one question in English Lit. Pass the final—that's the thing. It's the big things that count.

* * * *

"MR. SLUDGE," said the district manager, "you're not selling very many of our automobiles lately. We expected more of an up-and-coming young fellow like you—college education and all."

More thought Mr. Sludge. In these times—why, anybody with half an eye on economic trends could tell—anyway the company staff was incompetent. Hell of a job for a man like Sludge. He needed a bigger job, maybe in a bigger city, bigger company. It's the big things that count.

* * * *

"MR. SLUDGE," said the floor manager, "the store is not satisfied with your sales in this department. Maybe if we put you in toys—"

Huh! thought Mr. Sludge. Not satisfied! Whose fault did they think it was? If it weren't for that half-wit floor manager—well, he wasn't really to blame. Can't expect a guy like that to recognize real selling genius. Sludge needed a different job, a bigger job. You know—the big things.

* * * *

"MR. SLUDGE," said the placement agent regretfully, "this agency could help you find employment more readily if your references were more creditable. Your former employers do not draw a very encouraging picture of your work, Mr. Sludge."

It wasn't his fault, thought Mr. Sludge. Could he help it if other fellows got all the breaks? The world was down on him, that was all. All the really big jobs were already filled by the lucky boys—or those that had been there fifty years, starting from elevator boy. If Sludge could just get a break he could make the grade, too. He wasn't really a failure. He wasn't made for a petty job. He was the man for the big job. If he could

just get a chance, if something would just happen to give Sludge a break!

* * *

Something did happen. Within weeks the country was pitched into war. The War Department sent out an urgent call for men with college degrees—in Mr. Sludge's field, too—to fill positions in Washington, big positions. A break for Sludge! It was too late. Mr. Sludge had just shot himself.

REWARD

By ANDEE SCHWALBE

ALL ABOUT ME was the livid obscurity of partial darkness. I stretched forth my hands and came in solid contact with the bricks that formed the four narrow walls around me. As my trembling hands explored their rough surface, particles flaked off and fell with sharp, brittle accents onto the concrete floor. The sticky strength of a cob-web entangled my fingers for a moment and I prayed that its occupant was not at home.

Suddenly I became conscious of the strange musty odor peculiar to such structures that are left to their own deep secrets for long periods of time. It was humid and suffocating. I stifled an urgent desire to duck and run out into the welcoming arms of bright daylight.

Then I remembered my quest and, bracing my feet far apart, I raised my head and looked up and out of the top of the old chimney . . . to discover that Night's twinkling beacons, the stars, shine also in the daytime.

ADVICE TO A WEEPING WILLOW

*Weeping Willow, fairest lady,
Why weepest thou in such dismay?
Hath fortune so forsaken thee
Hath thy lover gone away?*

*Rays of sunshine clothe thy splendor,
The brook praises thee with song.
Woodland Beauty, if thou must—
Weep forlornly, but not for long.*

—BETTY PHILLIPS

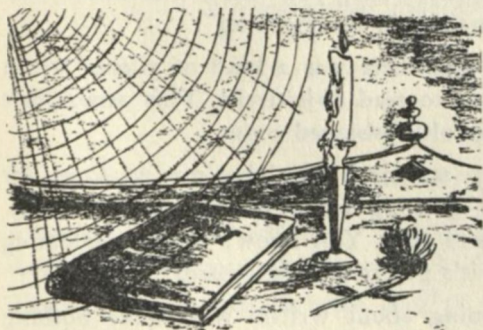
An Afternoon Before Confession

By JEAN WALKER

THE UGLY, DUSTY TOWN is still there with its fortress-like houses raised as monuments to prosperity and its shacks which house the indolent or unlucky. To the restless social zealot it is a physical testimony of an unequal civilization boasting of equality. To the people who come from these houses every morning the scene is just that of a backbone-of-the-nation small town, any significant features having been obscured long ago by familiarity.

In addition to the few stores supplying the needs of the people, the surrounding farms, and meager professional duties, there is a textile mill which provides the means of making a living for a major percentage of the population. Set back from the railroad tracks, the bare, new-looking building was being evacuated on a particular October noon by the mill workers who went up the street to the grill for their early lunch.

They passed the two-story house which stood alone and isolated across the street as if it didn't exist; as if the house whose paint had faded years before had died with its occupants then, too. In fact, many of the children in the town thought the house was empty, and haunted as well. But the parents of these children could remember Sarah and Lucy Kennedy, and occasionally joked about the hermits. There are a few, still, who remember a Spring forty years ago when strange, little Lucy graduated



from high school: the awful spectacle of Lucy stumbling and gasping through her speech until she finally rushed from the stage. That summer her widowed mother had died, and Sarah and Lucy completely withdrew into the big house and shut the door. Even before that, they hadn't taken much part in community activities, though. Sarah was mild and never had much to say, but her younger sister, Lucy, was even shyer, and so painfully sensitive. During all the years since that summer, Sarah and Lucy have stayed in that house through the day and gone for a walk at early dark, periodically appearing in the grocery store at a slack hour. But, back to the warm, October day—

Lucy sat at the desk, holding a pen and looking out the window while Sarah pulled a few leaves here and there from the bronze dahlias she was arranging in a glazed brown bowl.

"Sarah, do you remember where I put that bundle of corrected pages?"

"On the top book shelf, I think."

She picked up the papers before her.

"Oh, Sarah, why is it that with you I feel so NORMAL"—(then thoughtfully) "I hate the word. I mean, if I'm really such an emotional freak, it seems that I couldn't be willing to expose myself to anybody who might wish to use my confession as exhibit A in a psychology class. I suppose I want to defend my personality, even if my 'heroine' only gains the patronizing interest of the curious. Why should they be condescending just because I couldn't trust them with Myself? . . . When I rant like this, I suspect they may be right about me!"

Her listener had heard these outbursts before and smiled. "I'm glad you decided to publish that diary of yours. Wouldn't it be funny if you were to become famous?"

"Heaven forbid! Being famous might be satisfying to the ego, but at what a price! If my book is published, only you and I will know who wrote it. We'll walk down and mail it in the morning".

Lucy turned back to the desk and there was a kind of silence which wasn't really silent as she struggled to read objectively. This atmosphere seemed to belong in the charming, old-fashioned room.

"The first thing they'll criticize me for is indulging my weakness for the dramatic. But I simply can't give up my few striking statements, although I'm not at all sure they're true. You know, there's something alluring about even a false idea if it's put in forceful words."

"Lucy, you're forever complaining about writers who have nothing brilliant to say but express platitudes brilliantly."

"I know." She looked up with a characteristic, quick motion and her features relaxed into an expression of comfortable humor. "What do you think of the Introduction?"

Sarah came over and read: "The beauty of a hand, the grace of a child, the breath of pine—beauty, all of it. Yet calling it so always had the effect of making it seem less beautiful; of making the emotion seem only that of the empty phrasemaker. Whether they are phrase-makers or whether they feel intensely too, allowing only the surface to bubble over into expression, I do not know; but here I have bared my soul and dare to expose it to such a charge."

Sarah and Lucy continued talking contentedly. The gray door shut away the voices of the mill workers who walked by across the street, returning from their lunch hour.

SUMMER RUNS OUT

*Summer runs out of the ocean,
Holding the ghost-golden hands
Of some other summer that fluttered
There on the lily-white sands.*

*Yesterday's Summer wears sadness,
Haunted by half-finished dreams—
The new summer's Summer comes joyous
Into the moon's amber gleams.*

*Together they dance in the starlight;
They chant on the lily-white sands—
Spirits of summertime singing,
Wringing their shadowy hands.*

LIZ DYKES

NOSTALGIA

*Violets wandering through the gray stones of a worn-out walk
Unveil the memory of a painting in lace,
Fanciful ghosts dancing with laughter of the past.
A pig-tailed youngster playing hop-scotch on the natural stones,
Overalls patched and repatched still giving way to bruised knees,
Marbles playing peek-a-boo in the lavender woods*

*All this rendered in brilliant hues,
Subdued only by a pattern of green roots,
Imparting to each generation a rich heritage.
Many artists touch the palette for this perfection
So other pig-tailed youngsters may play on the natural stones,
And the violets will in time enchain the whole of life.*

—J.M.W.

Dear Lula Honey

Well, I been up here 2 months now and I ain't yet stopped wondering bout the crazy things these people do. They remind me of my Uncle Ned, you know, the one whut sits with his legs wound around his neck and his tongue hanging out.

I thot was queer when them gulls what lives in the house next door made us dress up in towels (I had to borrow some from my roommate cause I didn't brang but one.) and prance across th' campass all day on our knees with our arms flyin' in the air. Reminded me of church up home 'cept we was praising something I ain't never heerd tell of. Some Worth'em fella.



But now jes lemme tell ya whut they done today. Some of them Sotmores spent a week makin these hunawseous signs what looked like them posters over the side show back home. Then they spent the nite climbing on the roofs nailin' 'em on the building. Then as soon as they got 'em up some more girls come and snatched 'em down again. Then some men come and climbed the sides of a building and put up one whut sed JANITORS in hunawseous letters. Oh! but all this is bigressin. (That's a new word whut Doc Rum, the englis professa told me. It means to up and down a hill whut ain't even on the path you goin on.)

Still, today the Fleetfeet Ass. had some sock 'er games. Sock 'er is a suttle game where everybody tries to kick his neighbors shins without getting blamed. They's pretty good spoats sometimes tho. So the other team won't feel so bad they knocked the ball off and the daylights outa their own haid. All this time everybody what don't play is screaming and hollering at each other. It all seems awful silly.

Mis Tom, (only lady I ever knew with a boy's name. Bet she wishes she had a pretty name like me. Ain't nothing nicer or more feminen than Hortense) Anyways, this Mis Tom tried to make me play sock 'er in jim but I learned too quick. Why the first day I managed to miss more balls and kick more shins than anybody. Whut's mo I kep slipping and sliding all over the pasture and was so graceful thet she sed I could quit playin a game I knew so well and learn to ride a bysickle. That's some new fangled thing whut's painted real prutty and made to topple over—but I'll tell you bout that later.

There's one thing that reminds me of home tho. The sinners up here are called the K.K.K. ers like Paw. After the sock 'er games we had a bandquit. Don't know why they should call it that tho cause we hollered and sang the whole way thru. It was real good 'cept it was kinda hart to eat while you wuz jumping up and down the whole time.

You ast bout some of my curses and teachas. Well, I take cookin from Mis Pumpstation. She's nice but I don't think she really knows much about whut's rite and good. We ain't never cooked no broiled possum or roasted polecat. This place ain't much like home.

I gotta whoa now and go change outa my overalls for dinner. Be sweet, give the hogs my love and write soon as you can find anybody to put it down for you.

Yo loving frand,

HORTENSE C. KNIGHT

P. S.—You better be glad you didn't come off to college. They make you wear shoes down here.

AUTUMN

*Fall—the glorious dying of summer
The funeral pyre to hot, sunny days that were
Framed by brilliant greens.*

*Fall—the swaggering youth—
Flashing his colors bold—
A last effort to impress the world
With his prowess—that soon
Will ebb.*

*Fall—the herald of approaching days
When trees stand—bare silhouettes—
Stark and gray—foboding against sullen skies
When the earth has shed her raiment—
As the prisoner to be punished.*

* * *

*Fall—a lover's bleeding heart for times passed—
The shyness of a young girl's blush—
The brightness and sparkle of playing children—
The summation of all joys, sorrows, painted into nature.*

—BETTY FAYE HOLT

YOUTH AND AGE

By JANE SCHMIDT

IT WAS in the weathered and worn frame institution of the "Old Ladies Home" that I saw something I wanted to paint, I needed to write about.

Before an extra-wide window frame, through which a soft sun humbly shone to light the scene, were two figures. The contrast in images and action was fascinating.

An ancient and a child sat in the sun on either side of a time-blackened table, each preoccupied with a jig-saw puzzle, so absorbed that they were oblivious to each other.

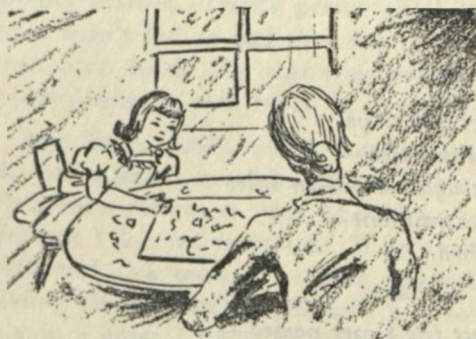
The ancient was a shriveled old woman, bowed under the pressing of the years. Pure white hair, pulled loosely back into a bun, framed a face which rivaled seersucker for wrinkles. The eyes were deep-sunken and though they smiled, lines where frowns and tears had kept company surrounded them. The mouth strangely seemed to be scarred, perhaps by endless words which had flowed or were forced out through the years.

Opposite sat a child-visitor, perched on a pillow-padded chair so as to be able to work at the table also. Perfect was the golden-haired girl of rosy, firm flesh, sound proportions, dressed in pink and a maze of pastel organdy. Big, dark, darting eyes, turned-up, matter-of-fact nose, puckered lips between puckered cheeks, all were concentrated on the puzzle.

A bony hand with the translucent skin of age loosely fitted over it, slowly played above the pieces of the puzzle she was doing. Looking with the greatest care from the almost completed puzzle to the remaining parts, she cautiously picked the piece she almost knew would fit and placed it in its proper place. Slow, deliberate movements led to the solution as she drew near the end.

Excitedly contrasting with the aged one, the elder's companion was a study. With the utter absorption and enthusiasm of youth, she attacked the puzzle. Pudgy hands grasped fragments firmly, trying them on the partially completed frame, throwing them carelessly back in the pile after twisting them this way and that to see if they would fit. The silence was punctuated by a pleased chuckle or excited laugh when success came.

As time passed the child perplexedly frowned and stuck out her lower lip at the increasing difficulty of finding the right pieces. She tried forcing some almost fitting section



into place, but found that would not work. Accidentally she found some segments that would answer the part she was working on. Other sections she would give up and move deeper into the picture.

Still, across the way, the old woman kept filling in the remaining missing sections though her fingers lingered over the pieces more reluctant to fit the missing answers to the whole.

I could not restrain my curiosity any longer, and so walking into the lighted scene, I gazed over the ancient one's bent shoulders to see her picture. It was, as nearly as I can explain, like Raphael's "Parnassus," with soft and rosy colors, an almost perfect picture of a heavenly world of music and art, goodness and beauty. A soft restful scene it was, More's "Utopia" inhabited by people whose faces radiated the goodness they symbolized. Answers to many things were in the near-solution of the ancient one's work.

Glancing on I saw a riotous maze of color in the youth's picture. Though hardly a substantial framework, I could discern parts that seemed to come from the advertisements of "Post", "Life" and "The Ladies' Home Journal". A model home, a new car, a loving couple holding hands, a typewriter, books, a diploma, a factory, office and store, a hospital bed and a grave, and in the center, a family.

As I watched, the youth took an irregular, intricate piece, turned it assuredly around in her hands and placed it in the frame. Before my eyes the picture and piece blended, changed and became a part of the answer to the puzzle.

COLOR SCHEME

*Glowing red, burning gold
Against a midnight black.
Circling blue, swirling grey,
Rising, then curling back.*

*Burnished amber, purest white
Blending in one brief spark.
Patterned hues in the air:
Cigarettes in the dark.*

—BETTY PHILLIPS

Autumn Songs



I

Tears from the heart of you
And pain born from your beauty.
Alas bright woods,
Taunt me no more!
Smouldering flames of leaves
Like dying love
Scream out against the greying sky
And weeping mists cling to your lips.
Oh God, shut out this death.
Blind me to the brightness
Of old love dying
And the tragedy of beauty wrapt in flaming tears.

II

And now be gone, bright Autumn.
The sight of you is a sharp pain
And your beauty is too sad, too fraught with tears.
I hide my eyes, but still there is the feel of you,
The knowledge that you look upon me
Brightly, hiding your misty tears in gay colors.
I cannot love you, flaming Autumn.
The birth of spring, summer's prime
And winter's death, these I can love.
But who can look on beauty dying
Full of hope, slowly, in flame and glory,
And not weep, not weep just a little.

III

You would be gone? Then go.
But do not linger slowly, Bright Guest,
Taunting us with your beauty,
Daring us to hold you, yet moving still away,

Slowly, ever so slowly.

Go, go quickly.

The pain of fading beauty is a deep pain

And the tragedy of dying glory is too stark.

Go, while yet aflame, sweet guest,

That we may never know the sadness of embers,

And the pain of beautiful, half dead things.

IV

Woods that are too bright,

Too stark and crass with seething color

Flaunting yourselves in red and gold

Before grey, frowning Autumn sky.

Fiery woods, too beautiful in death

Speaking your last words

In gay and tragic whispers,

The sight of you is full of tears

To one who has not found as you

The beauty of death, its fire

And golden promise.

—BETSY HOPKINS

ODE TO RAIN

Falling lightly on distant meadows

Ruffling even the fathomless seas

Beating longingly at the windows,

Whilst cleansing all the flowers and trees

O Rain! You come from dark skies yonder

Which in a mist have given you birth,

Quenching the thirst of Mother Nature

Soothing the forehead of worried Earth.

Falling from the heavens above us

In unending sprays of sheer delight,

Welcomed by cries of grateful valleys

And plains which become green at your sight.

O Rain! we thank you for your coming

With gentle touch of care and love.

O Rain! shimmering in your splendor

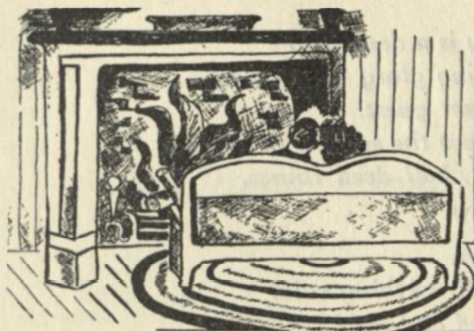
You're Earth's gift from Heaven above.

—BETTY PHILLIPS

A woman's college is an institution of higher yearning.

THE SALE

By JUDY CARREKER



CAROL PATTED her wavy, blonde hair and straightened the freshly starched gingham apron as she hurried down the hall to admit Mr. Bendix. She had been over it all a thousand times, and at last her mind was made up. Jim had been gone almost a year now, and there was no use in holding on to the house any longer. Nothing would ever change. Besides, she could sketch just as well in a small, city apartment; and with both hte children away at school this year, the only practical answer was to sell. Mr. Bendix had been interested in the comfortable, grey-stone cottage with its sprawling green lawn and gay flower beds for quite a while now; and she felt it only fair to give him the opportunity of refusal before placing it on the market.

She opened the door with her usual cheery greeting and ushered the short, baldheaded gentleman into the cozy living room. The efficient little man stood in the middle of the floor observing critically every square inch of the room and jotted down words in a black notebook. Unconsciously, Carol's eyes followed his about the room; but when they came to rest upon the spacious, red-brick fireplace, her's stopped, immovable.

YES, IT was this fireplace that had sold the house to Jim; and it was here, watching the flames leap playfully in the air, that they had spent many of the happiest moments of their lives. What was Mr. Bendix saying? Oh, yes, the dining room.

Carol walked distractedly under the low archway which led into the mahogany-furnished dining room. As Mr. Bendix continued his cold calculations, her eyes rested lovingly on the graceful, silver tea-service which sat in its accustomed place on the sideboard. She recalled her rapture the night she had walked in and first found it there the night of their tenth anniversary. She could still see the grin on Jim's face as he watched her finger each piece delightedly. What was it he had said that had caused them to laugh so deliriously? Again Mr. Bendix's calm voice jolted her back to reality, and they continued their tour.

The kitchen, with its red-ruffled curtains and shining white wood-work, was Carol's greatest pride. In delight she pointed out the wide, double sink, roomy, built-in cabinets, and spacious pantry. As she opened the pantry door, thinking how fortunate it was that she had changed the

shelf-paper yesterday, her eyes focused upon an old scorched roasting pan which lay in the corner. A half smile crept over her lips as she visualized how ridiculous she must have looked that night, standing over a charred, shrunken bit of toast, trying to explain to Jim in very repentant tones that he would just have to take his business associates out to dinner. He had tried so hard to be stern but had been incapable of withholding that deep, boyish laugh for more than a few seconds. What relief had surged through her as he gathered her into his arms and wiped away the avalanche of tears. She glanced up suddenly, feeling Mr. Bendix's quizzical gaze upon her, and with an embarrassed smile, led him quickly up the curving stairs.

Carol seated herself before the satin-draped dressing-table and stared into the large, circular mirror while Mr. Bendix opened closet doors and measured innumerable distances with his yardstick. As she watched his movements in the glass, the memory of that fateful night ten months ago leaped into her brain. She had been sitting just as she was now except that it had been Jim's reflection she had watched instead of Mr. Bendix's.

The angry shouts still rang in her ears. The whole quarrel seemed silly and unnecessary and entirely her fault now. She had thought about it constantly in the past few months, but somehow her foolish pride kept her from answering Jim's letters.

She rose and followed Mr. Bendix down the stair steps, hearing only bits of his questions about price, contract, and date of evacuation. Reaching the door, she realized that he was waiting for her nod of assent concerning these matters. Suddenly the tiny worry lines about her temples disappeared and the bright sparkle which had been lacking so long returned to her hazel eyes.

"I'm sorry to have caused you so much trouble," she blurted out suddenly, "but I have just decided not to sell."

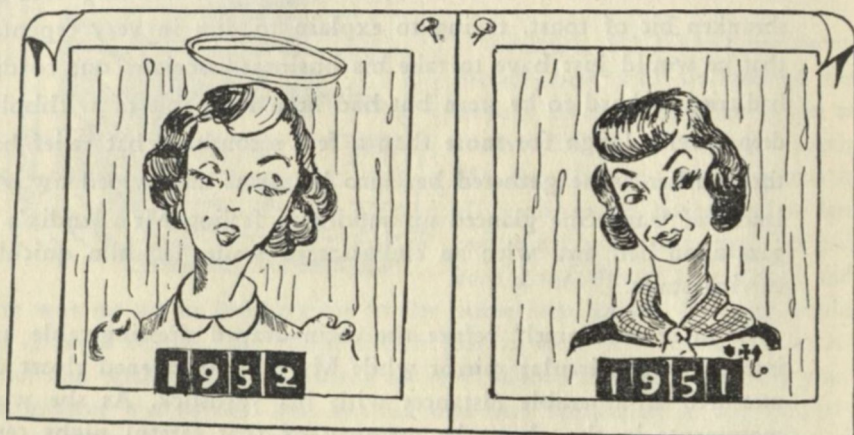
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Closing the door behind him as quickly as possible, she raced across the living room and opened her desk hurriedly, scrambling for papers and pen. When Jim gets home, she thought happily, we'll have the garage painted white and fix that hole in the roof that leaks every time it rains.

Quiet Student: "Something came into my mind just now and went away again."

Bored Roommate: "Perhaps it was lonely."

With apologies to the Syracuse University, SYRACUSAN, we offer this warning. Be on the lookout for these dangerous characters at large among the student body of Wesleyan.



W A N

NAME: Frieda the Freshman.

AGE: 18.

COLOR OF EYES: Blue with a veiled but evident innocence.

COLOR OF HAIR: Brown in the fall, blonde in the summer.

COMPLEXION: Fair and studded with bits of calamine lotion.

PREVIOUS RECORD: Served a five-year sentence in high school where she displayed a great interest in the male of the species. Convicted once on charges of late dating by an irate male. This has left her with a talent for alibiing and a genius for excuses.

PERSONALITY: Eager about everything except study. Apprehensive of Gignilliat courses and Candler tests. Fondness for crowds, especially mixed. Has an intricate file of excuses to offer Miss Gibson in exchange for single dating permissions.

REMARKS: Will learn much about College Government.

NAME: Sadie the Sophomore.

AGE: 19.

COLOR OF EYES: Blue and wiser than last year.

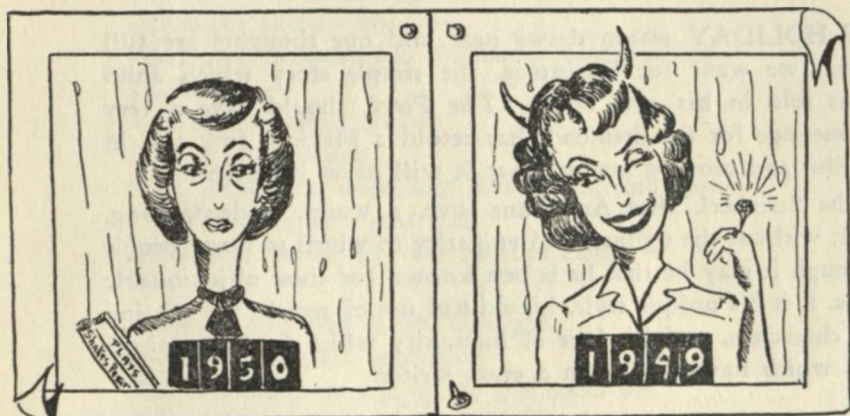
COLOR OF HAIR: Purple or various stages of blue.

COMPLEXION: Somewhat dried by Wesleyan water. Slight lines about the mouth from constant smiling at "old" friends.

PREVIOUS RECORD: High School plus one year at Wesleyan. Has begun to notice absence of male sex. Is in love with male teachers on campus. Takes part in all campus activities. Plans to transfer next year and go on the hunt. Has improved bridge game and has knit a pair of socks.

PERSONALITY: Becoming slightly bitter. Friendly toward all last year's acquaintances with the possible exception of her freshman roommate. Considerable savior-faire gained at University of Georgia weekends. Proud of all of her fraternity pins.

REMARKS: Will learn that the catalogue didn't tell her all about Wesleyan.



TED!

NAME: Jackie the Junior.

AGE: 20.

COLOR OF EYES: Slightly bloodshot blue, with deepening shadows to the south.

COLOR OF HAIR: Brown streaked with grey.

COMPLEXION: Pallid due to lack of sleep.

PREVIOUS RECORD: Two years at Wesleyan. Numerous term paper headaches and test blues. Minor office holding. Has chosen a major with a male department head. Wants to get married. Feels that Wesleyan has interrupted her life, liberty and pursuit of man.

PERSONALITY: Becoming even more bitter; is thin, on the verge of a crack-up, frustrated and is suffering from malnutrition. Has lost fraternity pins and is substituting Shakespeare and bridge for male companionship. Compensates herself for lack of dates with the thought that she is building character. Secretly she would prefer to tear it down. Feels herself martyred.

NAME: Celia the Senior.

AGE: 21.

COLOR OF EYES: Large, blue and bewildered.

COLOR OF HAIR: Brown and thick, very appealing to bare feet.

COMPLEXION: Sallow, due to three years of eating in Ulcer Gulch dining hall and Promaine Tavern pharmacy.

PREVIOUS RECORD: Three years at Wesleyan with all the usual punishments; Thanksgiving, over-cutting, four trips daily to the pharm, six hours study in the library daily. Pinned three times, twice simultaneously. Investigation of job opportunities resulting in a greater desire to get married.

PERSONALITY: Confused to find herself a senior and about to be thrust out into the cold world in June. Resolved to find herself a man and end her confusion. Once had an interest in affairs of the world, but it passed when things got so complicated. Is always dead tired and complains of frustrations.

A review of a book whose message is especially meaningful to us at this season. . .

A Review of "The Pearl" by John Steinbeck

By EMILY MALLET

AS THE HOLIDAY season draws near and our thoughts are full of things that we want for Christmas, the simple story which John Steinbeck has told in his new book, "*The Pearl*," should have a very meaningful message for us. Steinbeck has retold a Mexican folk tale in such a beautiful and moving manner that it will never be forgotten.

This is the Steinbeck that Americans love, a warm, understanding, sincere writer, without the ugliness and vulgarity to which so many people object. Although it may be that he is best known for these objectionable characteristics, it is his unique style, his skillful use of words, his creation of poignant characters, and his love of humanity which he has retained in this book which have made him a great writer.

KINO AND JUANA

The Pearl is the story of a Mexican family, Kino, a pearl diver, his wife Juana, and their baby, Coyotito. They are a family of such low social position that the doctor will not even see Coyotito when he is bitten by a scorpion. Then Kino finds the Pearl of the World, and as the news spreads around through the town his troubles begin. Several men are killed. Kino is forced to take his family to the hill country for safety. The most vivid scene in the book comes as the family is fleeing and behind them come the trackers, three men more sensitive than blood hounds. The suspense is almost unbearable until Kino in a last effort to save the Pearl of the World unintentionally destroys his own child. Without any show of emotion he and Juana plod back to the little fishing village. First of all, they throw the Pearl back into the sea so they can try to resume their peaceful life among the simple people of LaPaz.

THE SONGMAKERS

Kino's people had once been makers of songs so that everything they said or thought or did became a song. The most beautiful passages in the book are Kino's thoughts which are songs. He sings the Song of Evil and the Song of the Pearl that Might Be, but always predominating in Kino's mind is the Song of the Family. Kino learned that even the Pearl of the World is valueless when it brings evil and robs man of his home, his friends, and his family.

Steinbeck has presented in his best tragic style the familiar theme of placing too much emphasis on material possessions while the lasting spiritual qualities are forgotten.

Dark Valley

Black is the night, but blacker still the day.
Night's darkness only half-conceals
The darkness of the day.
Idle is the monster now —
That great tempestuous dragon whom men call
Machinery —
And in this valley where
So short a time ago
Were smoke and sweat and dirt and cursing men
The night air, pure and still,
Has cast a mantle o'er the raucous day.

Shadowy and dark in the twilight,
Imposing, majestic, confining,
The mountains surround me and crush me.
They raise up their heads
To the heavens
But I am in the valley.

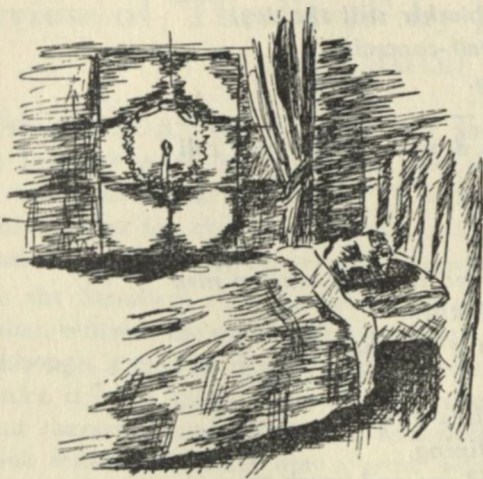
Ah, valley dark —
Valley that I love and hate,
Love with the depth of an all-pervading passion,
Hate with a twisted loathing
That shakes me, leaves me trembling from its force!
I have climbed to the tops of mountains.
I have been free.
I have gone beyond the valley
And known the joy of liberty complete.
I thought I could escape
The twisting, narrow, pent-up valley,
The mountains walling me in
With rocky grandeur and pine-studded ridges.

I left the valley never to return.
I left the mountains;
And free of them forever,
Free of the valley's smoke and sweat and dirt,
I looked into my heart to view my joy . . .
And found it held instead
An aching void.

—RUBY LAYSON.

LIGHT CHRISTMAS

By DICK JOHNSON



THERE WASN'T much light in the neon sign at *Floyd's Auto Shop* that particular evening; just a soft yellow funnel that cast weird shadows on the faces of the five men sitting around a small, scarred table.

In the dim light Tom Arnold looked like an old man with sagging cheeks, deep set eyes, colorless skin. But then maybe it wasn't the light, because Tom didn't act much like a man of twenty-eight either. The slow deliberate way he shuffled the cards was sad and dejected—almost as sad as the small stack of coins in front of him, which contrasted so pitifully with the pile of coins and bills in front of the other men.

* * *

AND THERE wasn't must light in the living room of 138 Walton Street either; just a soft, golden ray that seemed to drift through the window from a nervous North Star. And that light cast weird shadows too, and did strange things to the face of Elizabeth Arnold. For instance, those long black eye lashes everyone used to rave about looked saggy and tired and all stuck together. Yet, maybe it wasn't the light, because Elizabeth didn't act like a young mother of twenty-eight either. Her soft white shoulders drooped heavily under the thin, soiled housecoat. Her hands moved slowly and deliberately from disorderly hair, never feeling the tired, numb face they caressed, and her eyes were empty, as empty as the base of the small thinly decorated Christmas tree which she stared at.

* * *

NOR WAS there much light in the bed room of 138 Walton Street. Only the glow of a tiny red bulb centered in a tattered Christmas wreath hanging at the window. And that light too, cast strange shadows, and did strange things to the face of Tom Arnold, Junior, as he lay motionless in his small bed beneath the window. It made his face look flushed with excitement, happy, eager. But, maybe it wasn't the light, because Tom Jr.'s dreams were those of a happy five-year-old . . . Christmas, shiny skates, an electric train, maybe, candy, nuts, raisins.

TOM ARNOLD stood in the open door of *Floyd's Auto Shop* and glanced over his shoulder at the four men counting his money. He shoved his collar up around his neck, and closed the door on the soft, yellow light that glowed behind him.

Elizabeth Arnold took a last look at the empty tree across the room, closed her eyes on a hot stream of tears and wished they would never open again. A dark cloud choked off the small golden ray that drifted down from the nervous North Star.

*But the small red light glowed softly in it's tattered wreath,
anxiously awaiting a brilliant red sun that would herald the
arrival of Christmas Day.*

THE CHURCH WITHIN

*There is no shrine more sacred to a man
than his own soul;
No temple more worthy of worship
than a man's own heart.*

*How beautiful are these inward loci
In which our Godly praise may ever rise.
We, possessing these secluded treasures,
Need never seek some world wrought edifice.*

*Were I as pure of heart and great of mind
As those who bear this token of God's love,
I, too, would know the joy of inward solitude
Which comes from sharing Him with my own heart.*

—BERNIE VINSON

SIMPLE THINGS

*Simple things appeal to me.
Dying embers when the room is still.
Sunset glowing, smell of early morn.
Cooling sheets and rain against the roof.
Books to read and time to read them.
Music, soft and sweet.
Warmth against a biting wind.
Redding leaves, ripening fruits, a taste of fall.*

—ANNE STROZIER

OUTSIDE EDEN

By RUBY LAYSON



IT WAS thirty miles from the Virginia state line to Harlan. It was a nice ride for a pleasantly warm Sunday afternoon in early September. The town was a welcome sight, quiet and sane and sensible. Lila and I went to the drug store next to the *Enterprise* building and ordered chocolate malteds. And suddenly I was quivering all over, trembling with delayed horror at what I had seen. The fanati-

cism which could induce supposedly normal human beings to handle deadly poisonous snakes in the name of religion was incredible. The all-day service which I had attended for my newspaper was unreal, night-marish, something that could never have happened.

I tried to control the senseless trembling. I had a story to write, and I couldn't let myself go to pieces . . . certainly not in front of my editor and the Associated Press photographer who had just come in. The effort at self-control got me back to the editorial room, where I mechanically slipped a piece of paper in the typewriter. My mind a blank. I fidgeted with the keys. *Go on—write about what you saw!* I looked at my watch. If I wanted to sell my story it had to be filed at four.

"Harlan, Ky.—" I closed my eyes and saw an open-shirted coal miner holding two rattlesnakes before his face and crooning to them in a sing-song voice, weaving from side to side with his eyes half-shut and seeing only the twisting reptiles. I saw a writhing copperhead slung carelessly in my direction while I was taking pictures. I saw a well-dressed North Carolina "preacher" who looked like any businessman or college professor—and who had been examined by Duke University psychiatrists because he took his text from the sixteenth chapter of Mark and put it into practice. I opened my eyes and wrote my story. It was five minutes until four.

* * *

THE MEETING had begun a little after ten that morning. It was held on the Kentucky-Virginia line because statutes of both states prohibit the handling of snakes in religious services or gatherings. Attending were members of snake-handling groups from Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, as well as Harlan County. Before the services we talked to members, some of whom I had seen before. "Brother Shoupe," whose county court trial I had attended the year before, was carrying a large

Bible. "Jesus was numbered with the transgressors, so I might as well be, too!" he declared in a challenging voice.

I saw another familiar face. Roscoe Long was a grizzled coal miner who lived in a small mining camp above Harlan with his family and a box of rattlesnakes and copperheads. He had been bitten by one of the copperheads the previous Thursday, and he had attempted to explain the philosophy of his sect to me when I interviewed him later. . . It was a fantastic interview. His arm was hideously swollen from the bite, but with great pride he pointed out eleven scars on both hands and arms from previous bites. He had not gone to the doctor before, but this time he went to the hospital because there were no "Christian folk" at his home to pray for him when he was bitten.

"But—what about your family?" I asked as tactfully as possible.

"They're all sinner folk," he explained in a matter-of-fact voice barely tinged with regret. "There wasn't nobody here but sinners, and the pain was so bad I couldn't get victory against myself." He went in the back room to get the box of snakes, while I sat on the front porch and wondered whether I was suited for any profession besides newspaper work. The reptiles were always locked up, so it was perfectly safe, he insisted. "Them things is mean, and it takes the power God to handle them. I keep 'em fastened up. They're dangerous, and I don't get 'em out till the power comes. Then the fear's all gone and I can handle 'em."

He was an affable man with a burning gaze and great eagerness to tell others about his experience. "I just want to tell you all this so's you can understand," he would repeat intently from time to time. "Does that help you any now?" And he went on to point out his reasons for believing that those who were "saved" should handle snakes. "You see that electric light up there? Well, if there ain't no power that there light won't burn. It's the same thing. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians—they're all good people, but they ain't got the power." Long was converted when he attended a meeting led by Preacher Hensley, who spread the strange doctrine through the mountain section years ago. "I was a sinner fellow at that time," he recalled. "When the Lord forgave me he gave me power over the serpents. When the power comes I'm not afraid."

* * *

LONG WAS DELIGHTED to see us at the Sunday meeting and contrived to get in half the snapshots I took as well as the pictures made later by the Associated Press man.

The meeting began when Preacher Oscar Hutton arrived from St. Charles. Many members of the group were assembled by then, and the whole crowd moved down to a clearing under an apple tree about fifty feet from the road. Hutton entered a small roped-off area, followed by other members. There was a platform for musicians with guitars, accordions, and tambourines. The music began, and people clapped time enthusiastically to songs like "Old-Time Religion," "I'm in the Gloryland Way," and "Keep on the Firin' Line."

As Hutton began to talk the music was subdued, but it formed a tension-building background for his words.

"I heard the Lord one time tell Moses to see who's on the Lord's side," he thundered. "Come on, let's see who's on the Lord's side! There may be some serpents here today. If they are and the Lord moves you, handle them, but be sure you've got the Lord with you, because they have death in their jaws. If you're not afraid of rattlesnakes you don't need to be afraid of what the devil can do to you!"

The accordions and guitars came to the front as his voice dropped . . . subsided as he spoke again. Someone had brought a box of snakes inside the roped-off area, but all were conscious only of the preacher's gripping voice. He repeated his earlier words, stated his defiance of a law made by man, not by God. An ominous rattling sound came from the box. "If you're willing to go to judgment from here, why it's all right to take hold of a serpent. If you've got clean hands and a clean heart, you have nothing to fear from them." Throbbing music, louder and louder. . . "Remember now Daniel in the lion's den," his voice rose above. "And the more you fight this thing the more it grows! If you ain't got old-time salvation you sure do need it. When judgment comes you'll wish then you'd been a serpent handler and drunk deadly poisons and o-beyed God. When you got a serpent in your heart there's only one remedy—that's right, Jesus!"

There were loud shouts of "Amen" as his voice rose to a crescendo. His audience crowded closer. The roped-off square was filled.

"You can read your Bible. . . It tells you the elements are going to melt. Then you'll wish you'd been a serpent-handler. . ." It was a wonderful day for a service, and they would have a wonderful service. "If you ain't got your ticket bought and signed with the blood of Jesus, get on the outside of the rope," he urged. "If the serpents come in, take hold of them if you want to. If you have the faith, if you have the power, you got nothing to fear from snakes or the law or the devil himself, honey!"

MORE SONGS, more rhythmic music, sing-song voices, repetition. As the group knelt for prayer, several people began to talk in the "tongues," jabbering incoherently, trembling and shouting. "Oh-h, God, oh-h, God!" one woman screamed over and over. All were praying aloud, and others began to quiver and scream.

They rose. There was more preaching. A fat woman in a cheap, sequined dress pleaded in hysterical tones for them to heal her with their prayers. She was dying, and the doctors couldn't help her. Tears streamed down her leathery face as one of the preachers put his hand on her head and prayed. The North Carolina leader came to the forefront and told of his faith-healing work. A woman pushed a dull-eyed boy in front of him. The boy's too-large head lolled aimlessly and his arms hung at his sides. The preacher seized the slender youth by the shoulders, stared into his expressionless eyes and screamed a meaningless jargon in a high-pitched tenor as he forced the boy back into the crowd. The youth was released, and a middle-aged woman took his place. The boy stood listlessly looking into nothingness, sank slowly to the ground and stared at his feet until he was lifted and led away by the woman caring for him.

The North Carolina man told of his conviction since youth that the saved should handle snakes. "Then when I saw that others were doing it up here I knew that I was called to handle them as well," he declared, half-screaming and half-singing. A gradually mounting hysteria in the audience matched that in his voice. I felt the tension, the air of waiting and expectancy. Higher and higher the music rose. People looked out of the corners of their eyes at the box of reptiles near the speaker's feet.

* * *

PREACHER HUTTON'S CALM as he opened the boxes and handed out the snakes was for a moment almost anti-climactic.

But only for a moment. Some twenty copperheads and rattlers were released, and I found myself imprisoned in the center of a hysterical and completely hypnotized group. People were conscious of nothing but the serpents they were fondling, wrapping around their necks, stretching out and caressing. Perhaps they were not conscious even of the snakes. Children in the tightly-packed crowd shoved curiously forward, and a few of them took the reptiles in their hands. Stringy-haired, lipstickless women jabbered idiotically as their bodies were contorted with a terrible tremor. A young girl with an ecstatic light on her colorless face lifted her head and arms and cried over and over with a rhythmic rise and fall of her voice, "Ha-ah da-da-da-da—ha-ah da-da-da-da..." She seized a rattlesnake thrust toward her, held it against her face and col-

lapsed into the crowd, dropping the reptile as she fell against those behind her. Few seemed to notice. A one-armed man slipped a coil of copper-heads inside his shirt, took them out and stretched them at full length along his arm and shoulder. The reptiles wove their heads from side to side and flicked out their venomous fangs. The white-haired Virginia preacher took a coil of snakes and poised them on top of his head.

I thought the man standing at my elbow near the center of the "holy" area was just an onlooker. I glanced casually at him and saw that he was crooning to a many-rattled serpent just a few inches from me. I looked behind me and saw a quivering woman reaching for the rattlesnake. I knew I would be in more danger if I were afraid. I'll never know how I forced my way out. Above the edge of the crowd I saw a man's face twisted with horror and revulsion. Staring at him, I realized suddenly that the man was my editor, who had just arrived with the A.P. photographer.

And the terrible music went on, building up more and more the strain and tension. I began to feel that it had been going on forever, that if this horror were true and real, nothing in the normal world that I know would exist.

* * *

IT WAS GOOD to get back to Harlan. The sun beat down on the once-white courthouse walls, and the familiar three-faced clock above the bank chimed its off-key message. The deserted Sunday afternoon streets were part of a world that was normal and sane.

*I was on the edge of a precipice, falling and falling as I woke
from a nightmare that I knew was real.*

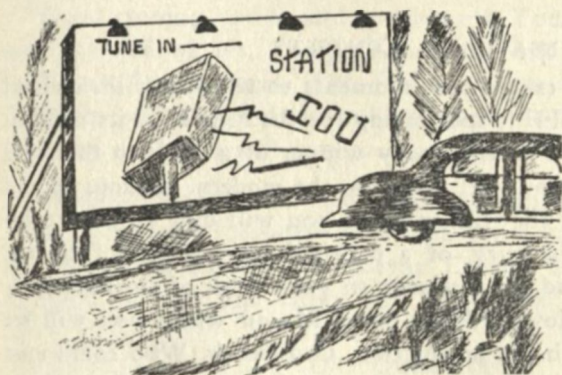
SHADOWS

*To have seen the sun is to feel too deeply
The pain of shadows.
Alas, I have been too happy, and now,
A phantom wrapt in tears,
I have yet no cause to weep.
I who in winter, have known the spring,
And now alone, can yet recall the glory of your love.
I who have known all wonders through love of you,
What right have I to mourn the winter's tears?*

—BETSY HOPKINS.

Nothing Like The Radio

By CHARLOTTE GAINES



I saw the sign by the side of the road and was deeply interested in the colorful advertisement.

"Listen to station IOU for the best in radio entertainment. Culture! News! Drama! Education! 194 on your radio dial."

My eye dwelt for quite some time on the word

culture, and as I ambled along, I decided that I needed a certain amount of culture in order to be a well-rounded individual in other ways beside a waist line. That evening, as a result of my radical decision, I put aside numerous educational odysseys and settled down with my roommate for an evening of practical education. Eagerness engulfed me as I turned the dial and listened to the hum of millions of electrons swiftly passing over the dust covered wire to the "two-by-four" resting on the corner of the desk. After this period of warm-up an affected masculine voice was heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is our pleasure to present to you at this time a heart-warming drama from everyday life which is brought to you by that world famous product, Fleshenheimers Fragrant Flawless Filterable Fleapowder."

At this point I was completely thrown from my position by the blatant dissonancies of a "Honky Tonk" symphony resurrected for the purpose of building up an atmosphere of suspense. I wrung my hands and sat stiffly on the edge of my chair in anticipation. A moment later the announcer returned with more philosophical truths.

"In just a moment we will bring you our story for today, but first a word from our sponsor."

"Does your dog have fleas? Yes! No! If so, try Fleshenheimer's Fragrant Flawless Filterable Fleapowder. This amazing new flea discovery was perfected after years of scientific research by the Canine Humane Society and is guaranteed not to rub off or make you sneeze. Apply as follows: mix one teaspoon of Fleshenheimer's Fragrant Flawless Filterable Fleapowder with one gallon of DDT. Rub gently into the skin; embrace your dog; his fleas will die like flies within the hour. When you buy FFFFF, be sure to get the economical six-foot family size, and in case of emergencies, always have on hand the small seventy-two-inch midget

size for pocket or purse. All FFFFF is of equal value and no other flea-powder can make that statement. If fleas persist or recur frequently consult your veterinarian.

SENSATIONAL CONTEST

Now, we would like to take a few moments to tell you a little about the sensational contest FFFFF is sponsoring for the benefit of its millions of radio listeners. You may be the lucky winner of a journey that will live in your heart forever. You will travel on the modern, spacious M and M bus; you will marvel at the rolling hills; you will dine at the world-famous Whistle Stop as the guest of a personal representative from the FFFFF executive board; and, as a climax to your week of thrilling spectacles, you will arrive in lovely down-town Macon where you will see the latest Broadway and Cherry production, *Crossroads*. Who could miss such adventure? Just answer this statement in three thousand words or less, 'I like FFFFF because _____' and mail to the network to which you are now listening. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, February 29, 1949, and the offer is good only in the Western Hemisphere and Europe."

By this time my roommate had completely forgotten about culture and was placidly slumbering. Sleep is a marvelous escape from the present; however, I managed to keep my attention on the announcer.

DOES MARTIN LEAVE CLARA?

"And now our own story. Last week, as you remember, Martin was about to leave Clara in her greatest hour of need. But we know you are eager to hear the outcome of this tragedy, so we resume our story where Clara says:

"Oh Martin! You can't—you mustn't! Not at a time like this. How could you leave me with a sick baby?"

"But—"

"Oh! You fiend! You dog! You can't walk out on me like this. I simply will not let you. I won't! I won't! I won't!

"Honey, I was only going in the hall to get the paper."

After two minutes of tense drama the scene was again broken.

"Does Martin leave the room? Will the paper be there? Will the baby live? These and many other vital questions will be answered in next week's drama; so, be sure and listen, won't you? And remember to buy FFFFF, for FFFFF is known to dogs the world over as, 'The flea's most dreaded companion'."

I felt great sorrow when this program left the air, but my grief was short-lived, for the next program was even more stimulating.

THE NEWS

"Ladies and gentlemen! It is now the pleasure of the Used Bored Parts

Company to present to you Mr. Hugh Fearson with one man's opinion of the news, and thank heaven it is only *one* man's opinion. Mr. Fearson."

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Today, a small town girl became the wife of Mr. Rodger Astabuilt, well known play-boy and sole heir to the Steal fortune. This fact is a great comfort to the bride. The Astabuilt will take a short cruise around the Cape of Good Hope before returning to their small sixteen-room apartment on Fifth Avenue.

"A special bulletin has just come in from AAU headquarters in New York. The Lost Laundry Room has just been found and because of this sensational discovery, Wesleyan College has been placed on the list of AAU. Goodnight, ladies and gentlemen."

DR. QUESTION

Two chords of music later, a deathly silence, and then—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the program from which you take home all the prizes.

"And here is your host, Dr. Question."

"Hello, everybody, and who is our first contestant? On my right downstairs—"

"I have a gentleman, doctor," came the weird reply as I sat wishing I had one.

"And what is your name, sir?"

"Rev. F. M. Johnson."

"And what is your occupation, sir?"

"Preacher."

"Fine, I don't think you'll have any trouble with our question, sir. Twenty-four dollars for this one if you can get it. What is the floor plan of the famous Greek temple, the Parthenon?"

"Ah, uh, uh, is it a rectangular square? No! Uh, uh, round? I'm afraid I don't know that one."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I think you will find it to be simply octastyle, periptial, hexastyle, amphiprostyle. But, give the gentleman a consolation prize of six months supply of Beautifiers Babbling Beauty Bubble Bath and two tickets to next week's production here at this theater."

"On my left downstairs—"

"I have a lady, sir."

"And what is your name, miss?"

"Maude Smith."

"You look young enough to be a student—am I right?"

"I ain't never finished school."

"And what is your occupation, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, I just work."

"That's fine. I wonder if you could tell me what famous Indian tribe inhabited middle Georgia and has done so for quite a few decades. Was it Aztec?"

"No, Georgia Tech.

"Absolutely correct. Give the lady \$20,000 and let's throw in a new 1948 Buick Convertible for fine sportsmanship."

Oh, Well—

As I listened I felt completely discouraged. While I spend the family income and four years in college trying to prepare myself for the future, a second-rate moron wins enough to retire for life at twenty-one, and then, has a small prefabricated hut slightly larger than the Pentagon Building thrown in for good sportsmanship. And I'm two cents ahead of poverty while that "filthy green stuff" flows like wine on the radio.

But, believe me! there is nothing like the radio—so the advertisement said.

AND NOW

And now there is no pain,

No regret, and I am shamed no more.

Perhaps in the summer of our love

I yet had room for sorrow,

Time, while looking ahead, yet

To look behind.

But now in winter's coldness,

Who can regret the spring?

Can I be sad that once I went decked

In bright flowers and wore

Your love like the sun.

In winter's loneliness I think not

Of sacred, broken laws,

But rejoice that once in my heart

Gay birds sang wild sweet songs

And sunlight shone in all the darkened corners,

And you were in love with me.

—BETSY HOPKINS.

"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a buttonhole."

Here is a vivid story that many of us have lived

Uncertainty

By MARION MORRIS

WHY DID HE call this morning to ask me for a date? Why does he bother? One month ago tonight he broke off our engagement. Is this some joke of his, to celebrate the "anniversary" and bring back all the hurt I've suffered? Here I sit in the artificial atmosphere of a cocktail lounge, waiting — waiting to see if he truly loves me and wants me back. I know I'm pretty in my new evening dress. But does that really matter? Is that all he wants, a pretty wife? There are millions of pretty girls in the world, but there aren't millions that love him the way I do. The way he talks, the way he walks, the way he lights a cigarette, the way he smiles — Oh, everything he does fascinates me. I wonder if that's real love or just that old sex appeal. But that's not all — not even half. He's so intelligent, so much fun, so much everything that I want and need.

Why doesn't he come? He's five minutes late now. What if this is all a trick to humiliate me more? It's been bad enough already with all my friends asking what has become of him. If they knew that he is the one who calls the play, my misery would be complete.

It would be different if there had been a reason for the break. But there wasn't one — only, "I'm sorry it has to be this way. Please understand." As if I don't understand him better than anyone else in the world does! But there is a limit to everything, even my understanding. If he would only tell me what happened, we could work it out together.

Maybe he didn't really mean it. Maybe he does want to start over. The minute I see him I'll know from his eyes — blue eyes that tell so much of what is going on inside. What if they say no? Then I'll just pick up my life and try to go on from here.

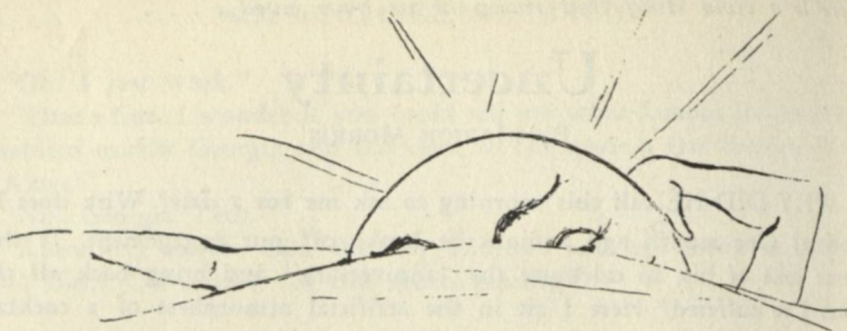
At last! Here he comes. He doesn't see me yet. Oh, my dearest, say what I want you to, let me know it's not all over. There. He sees me. He's smiling. His eyes — Oh, now I know. It's been worth the pain of these last two months just to see that look again.

"Hello, darling. Have you been waiting long?"

"No, just long enough."

Student: "Prof. did you ever encounter a mathematical problem that absolutely stumped you?"

Prof: "Why, yes. I could never figure how 85% of the doctors recommended one brand of cigarettes, 92% recommended another brand, and 97% recommended still another brand."



DAY

By MARTY STROBERG

OLD DADDY SUN rubbed the sleep from his eyes, and realizing it was time for dawn, climbed lazily from his sea bed behind the horizon. All about him was a delicate softness, a drowsiness which lay over all creation recalling pleasant dreams of the night before. And there was the clean, sweet smell of morning dew, the heaviness of unformed raindrops in the air. He yawned luxuriously and began to stretch each shining ray across the sky until he could touch the farthestmost clouds. It was time to begin his daily hike through the heavens.

The trees, just waking, waved shyly to the sun as he passed, then paused to shake their branches at the mischievous breeze, who danced about, teasing playfully. And slowly the earth grew brighter with a steady brilliant glow. Hills and houses and steeples stood out sharply against a glaring sky. Outlines of things and people cut their way into space and left their vivid images in the minds of all who saw.

But before so very long the hike was almost over. Fading sunlight sifted through the leaves to form shadows of lace upon the sand. As old Daddy Sun reached the end of the trail, he called all the elements to his knee and clothed them in their gowns of hazy twilight. And mortals watching saw that all the land was covered with a rose colored mist, which lingered only for a moment, then faded into the approaching night.

DADDY SUN was tucking in his earthly children between sheets of finely woven clouds, and just before they fell asleep, he turned on the moonlight with which to read them God's evening message in the stars.